

INTEGRITY



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synthesis of RELIGION and LIFE for our times.

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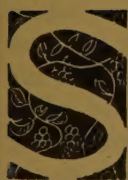
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EDITORIAL

 SUMMER is the time when it is too hot to think. At least that is the way a good many people feel about it, and consequently they spend their leisure time in just vegetating. This is unfortunate since it is the season when we have more leisure time than usual. Granted that sticky summer days are not conducive to original thinking, still the leisure that they bring provides opportunity for taking stock of oneself and one's aims in life.

Readers of INTEGRITY know what our aim is, what it has always been, as it is given every month on the inside front cover: *to discover the new synthesis between religion and life for our times*. Long-time readers of the magazine may be as familiar with this slogan as we are ourselves, and since familiarity gives way to meaningless clichés, it is good from time to time to stop and to re-think our aim. "To integrate religion with every phase of living," "to restore all things in Christ"—such phrases while they may evoke enthusiasm and provide inspiration (an inspiration, one hastens to add, which is entirely well-grounded) are of necessity so generalized that they can easily remain matter for mere mouthing, rather than inducement to intense activity.

It is a drawback which comes with the very nature of a magazine that while it can inspire to action, disclose the truth that makes people free to act, explore the problems and the areas in the temporal order that need to be acted upon—it cannot itself do the acting. In this sense it itself cannot complete the three steps that form the technique of specialized Catholic Action groups: *to see, to judge, to act*.

Needless to say even the observations we give of contemporary conditions must be of a general sort. It is up to the reader to *see* the concrete problems of his life and of his environment—problems that are particularly his, but which he shares with others of like vocation and situation, and which mirror the secularism (the absence of God from life, or rather, the absence of awareness of His revelancy to life) which is the characteristic

note of our time. It is up to the reader too to band together with other people of similar intent, since the work of re-christianizing cannot be accomplished by the individual in isolation. It is a community effort, a common effort, the effort of the whole Mystical Body of Christ.

In this issue we have articles on a variety of topics, which at first sight seem to have little connection. Their unity however consists in the fact that they all treat of aspects of modern life which require observation, a Christian evaluation, and effort toward reintegration. There is a treatment of the problems of modern work life and industrialism, of the profit system as the foundation for business, of recreation with special emphasis on its effect in the raising of children, of the findings in contemporary psychology and psychoanalysis and the portrait they give of man, of the disunion existing among the various Christian sects. These are the topics discussed in this issue. They are not treated exhaustively by any means; they don't give all the answers—in fact, two of the articles attempt simply to ask the right questions; neither do we pretend that they cover all the topics—all the areas of the temporal order—which command the attention of the Christian apostle. Our only hope is that we have indicated how broad is the field for action.

Lest we overlook however that the social action of the apostle will remain senseless and superficial unless it proceeds from a personal life geared to God and open to His grace, we include an article on spirituality for the laity.

THE EDITOR

Announcing a Book of *Ed Willock's Cartoons*

From the very beginning of INTEGRITY Ed Willock's cartoons and jingles have been the most popular feature. Various people have expressed to us the desire that they be collected and published separately. So now we are happy to announce that the best of the Willock cartoons will be available by the end of the summer. The cartoon book, which we plan to sell for fifty cents, will have an added value since it will summarize in an extremely painless way the ideas and ideals of INTEGRITY.

We shall be happy to receive advance orders.

The Making of a Moron

THE following is an excerpt from Niall Brennan's book THE MAKING OF A MORON to be published in August (copyright 1953, Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York).

Mr. Brennan, an Australian, was struck by reports from both Australia and the United States that mental defectives put to work in industrial plants have been found to be as satisfactory—and in many cases more so—than normal men and women. The moron was “reported to be quiet, respectful, well-behaved and very obedient . . . immune to many of the pricks which irritate the normal into seeing red, less fretted by monotony, less worn by rhythmic clatter. There is less in his soul striving to release itself. He has brought into the shop comparatively little that the shop cannot use. And so he accepts dumbly his appointed place in the scheme of things industrial, remains unbitten by ambition and reacts not at all against subordination.” “Today we find the literature of efficiency and industrial managers full of suggestions as to the preferability of the employment of those men and women with a mental age of ten or less.”

All this is fine for the rehabilitation of morons, but what does this imply about the nature of industrialism and its effect on normal workers? “If the demands made on a man by society are no greater than those which can be satisfied by a moron, then the unwanted faculties of a normal man will atrophy, and the next and near stage is the conversion, more accurately the subversion, of a normal man into a moron. Just how far is all this industrial progress making morons out of men? It is a question worth trying to answer.”

Mr. Brennan decided to try to answer it by actually working at a variety of typical jobs. Here he reports on one of them.

Niall Brennan: In the realm of human affairs the larger the business the greater the general proportion of unskilled physical laborers. In the realm of human affairs, too, the "big" business is rapidly ousting the small business. Such businesses are important then for both reasons.

I signed on the payroll of such a one, a paper mill employing about six hundred men. It was related to several similar plants and subsidiary companies, and the whole organization was a big combine. The opinion of the shop steward, the trade union representative on the working staff, was that it was a "good" shop. His opinion was endorsed by all the men consulted. Worker-management relations were cordial. A central committee of workers, personnel and management staffs dealt with matters of common interest and contention. There were ample social facilities, personal amenities, and the organization of the continuous shifts suited the private life of the workers.

not overworked

The personnel officer, a gruff young Scot, believed sincerely that none of the men was overworked. He had their welfare at heart in much the same manner as a farmer believes in conserving the energy of his horses. But he did not know how true his opinion was. The men were certainly not overworked. Their attitude to work was openly hostile. By common consent they had chopped about an hour a day from their forty-hour week. True, everybody sprang into life when a company official hove into sight, but work was systematically avoided when he disappeared again, and the finer points of how to avoid it without being found out were explained to newcomers. It was easy to hide in the rambling buildings of the plant, and one man's proudest boast was that he had survived a whole shift without once falling into the error of working. There were hidden recesses for poker and two-up schools, into which the newcomer was carefully introduced after a few days. Part of this initial schooling was the art of standing attentively alert by a machine while reading a comic paper.

If an industrious newcomer was driven by sheer boredom with cards and comics to carry out his work, he was corrected with comments that soon became hostile. The first warning was a tolerant opinion that such diligence was "not necessary." If the conscientious beginner persisted with his folly, the tenor of the remarks became more antagonistic. The output of work was reduced literally to the limit of the foreman's watchfulness and the saturation point of absolute idleness.

The optimistic Scot had deliberately overstaffed the plant in order to make sure of average production with under-average effort. There was comparatively little work for each individual to do. The workers were all unskilled, and after only a couple of days I was able to take charge of one of the big machines. Most of the work consisted in carrying loads of pulp or waste paper by hand or trolley; emptying these loads into beaters; feeding pulp to beaters; sweeping and cleaning, shovelling, raking, or stacking. A handful of chemists darted out occasionally, in white coats, and darted back into hiding again with a torrent of friendly abuse behind them. A couple of crane-drivers worked high above the heads of everyone else and seemed to delight in swinging mighty bales of pulp as close to the heads of the men below as they could. But these were the only men with any semblance of skill.

why?

The object of the mill, and this I believe to be a fundamental point, was the making of low-grade paper, chiefly for wrapping. I mention this because paper-making is an ancient craft, and the development of paper-making machinery might have been one of the noblest steps toward genuine progress that science has given to a suffering world. Paper-making machinery is enormously big and it has great beauty and dignity. Its essence is a system of rollers, over which the saturated pulp from the beaters is slowly poured until, by the sheer length of the journey (in one case, a hundred and fifty feet), the fibres are knitted together, and the wet slop at the feeding end is transformed into a giant swathe of delicate paper which flows off the other end onto a storage roller.

We are so accustomed to the sight of paper in convenient sheets that there is something delightful about an unbroken sheet of paper ten feet wide and hundreds of yards long. There is something to marvel at in the sight of these slowly turning rollers, several feet in diameter, in a sequence as long as a running track, caressing the pulp into this long carpet of paper. That such machinery builds the paper by the delicacy of its touch instead of mangling it to shreds is a remarkable testament to how admirable machinery can be. But to see one such machine, gently molding a pulp dyed pink into a mammoth roll of paper pinker still, and to know that all this human skill and knowledge was destined by the grace of big business to wrap chewing gum, was to make one feel sour. It is difficult to become fervent about work like that. I felt as I feel when I see circus elephants playing with colored balls and wearing silly hats. A thing which has greatness and beauty and a capacity for doing even greater and more beautiful

things when the hand of man guides it rightly should not be made to do less than its nature demands simply because someone is going to become rich by it.

The workers themselves, in this mill, were a rabble; they were not ignorant clods redeemed by the dignity of knowing their ultimate and infinitely more important destiny. They were loud-mouthed, dogmatic, and evil-tongued men who had apparently committed every sin in the calendar, and were proud to admit it over lunch without the omission of a detail.

sex and stunted intellects

I would never have believed it possible that the sexual life of man could be revealed with such vigor in such dispassionate activities as rabbiting, the races, football, or the comic papers. It was impossible to say that conversation ranged over these matters and sex too, for sex was the connecting stream of thought which gave meaning to all the others. Not one thing was allowed to pass without its sexual significance being demonstrated to the innocent. This erotic interpretation of life was accompanied by the appropriate rituals. There was a certain amount of flippant homosexuality. The organs were occasionally produced or displayed. . . . Had Freud lived to see it, he would have been a happy man. Not even Havelock Ellis could have demanded fewer inhibitions.

The mental standard of the workers was, of course, low. So-called lack of inhibition is always accompanied by, indeed only made possible by, a stunting of the intellectual integrity of man. Reading matter—there was a lot of reading done—consisted of comic papers, pulp weeklies and dirty magazines, most of them scavenged greedily from the waste-paper bales which arrived daily for repulping. The men had a curious inability to describe or explain. One of the surest tests of the cultural standards of any people is their ability to tell you where to go if you ask the way. A Roman policeman could give me directions though neither of us could speak the other's language. A worker at the mill could not tell me, in several hundred words of our common language, the whereabouts of the hot-water urn, though it was less than thirty feet away. . . .

a "good" plant

This plant was a "good" plant. It was approved by all legal, civic, industrial, and union authorities as a fit and proper place for men to work. Why? Because there were hot showers, cafeterias, and other bodily comforts. Everybody was contented in a bovine way . . . and although quarrelling, spiteful revenges, and querulous complaints were fairly continuous, the energy of the workers

themselves was so sapped by the grazing-paddock atmosphere that it was easier to accept the patronizing favors of their masters than to work up much enthusiasm over any other issue.

This vast workshop, making paper for chewing gum and for wrapping, was stamped with all the badges of excellence it could obtain. The mass-production of a low-grade article for an even lower-grade purpose was recognized by King and Parliament by the granting of a knighthood to the chairman of directors. A knight used to be a man who knelt in vigil before the Blessed Sacrament before risking his life in the defense of honor and virtue.

the halfwit or the happy worker

There was on the payroll a genial halfwit named George. George was not only the best worker in the mill, he was also the happiest. He was a big sprawling youth of twenty years of age, with the brawn of a giant and the mind of a child. He could truck more bales of pulp than any other man, for his body was too strong to be exhausted by that sort of work; and his mind was too weak to become restless through lack of mental activity. He whistled and sang in a growling tuneless voice; nobody ever had the slightest idea what he was singing; probably he did not either. If it had not been for the influence of his companions, George would have been a perfectly integrated worker. Conversation bored him but he loved company, and like all his kind, he had a child's vanity. He sniggered proudly when anyone took notice of him. It became a popular game to tell George dirty stories for the fun of hearing him re-tell them. . . . George enjoyed this because it made him the center of attention. He became even more the center of attention one day after a wag had told him something else to do. Nobody seemed to think that the brand of humor which caused the poor halfwit to expose himself in his desire for popularity was anything but funny. The foreman roared hell out of George and he retreated to the lonelier but happier life behind his trolley. He was inclined to distrust his workmates after that; his eye took on the same glint which may have come into Adam's eye after tasting the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. It was curious to see what knowledge could do to one like George.

The mill provided security of employment if the most primitive idea of contract was observed. Short of open mutiny, or downright provocative behavior, the management was not prepared to force an issue with a worker. Manpower was short and somehow the wheels could be kept turning with the low-grade manpower available. That was all the management cared for. To worry

about the energy of individual workers might have caused trouble with the whole union, and the risk was not worth taking.

a worker's paradise

Security, easy work, no harsh discipline, an impersonal management, these things almost add up to a workers' paradise. The result was laziness, irresponsibility, viciousness and obscenity. Perhaps there was a cause and effect between the two. The halfwit George was happy, his mates were not. George was fully occupied because he was a halfwit and therefore did not need much to occupy him. His mates were never fully occupied even when they were busy.

Their mental habits became like the feeding habits of a goat with too much freedom. A goat snaffles ravenously here and there, continually moving on restlessly, unable to concentrate on one thing effectively and heading always for the most obvious and the most easily obtainable. Thus, for the goatlike mind freely ranging over an area of mental wasteland, sport, comic papers, loud talk and obscenity. The power to concentrate on things judged by the intellect to be good is another mark of sanity. Hence the ascetic ideal with its acute awareness of the danger of being attracted to lesser things by the louder and less reliable judgment of the senses. The goat has always been a symbol of the devil because of its voracious inability to concentrate. It is a symbol of chaos. When the mind becomes goatlike, it may be the devil or it may be diseased. The two are often connected.



TECHNOLOGICALLY ADJUSTED

We've found the very fellow
Who can survive the strain:
Sober, strong and shallow
And quite without a brain.

Total Religion

G*ROWTH in holiness can be measured by two things: our active fidelity to God and our passive acceptance of His will. These are the twin daughters of abandonment to divine providence. Mr. Butler's previous article on Abandonment is included in the book Be Not Solicitous.*

J. E. P. Butler: When the communists broke Cardinal Mindszenty I had one thought: this is the end of human virtue, this is where God takes over. God, of course, is necessary to all being and action but there is also human liberty—and responsibility. Ordinarily we are answerable for our acts. Nevertheless our powers are limited. We are unprofitable servants. We owe God all that we can do but above all we owe Him the truth of mind and heart to rest our strength where it belongs, in Him. "Without me you can do nothing."

reaching for the Infinite

The conjunction of human liberty and divine providence is not explained. God is Mystery, our relation to Him is mystery, we can expect no easy answers. The moment we become serious about religion we are involved in paradox. We destroy ourselves that we may perfect ourselves. We study ourselves that we may forget ourselves—that we may know God, Who is unknowable. We employ all our powers to the limit to accomplish what is utterly beyond our powers, and we succeed, because somehow God completes the effort, bridges the gulf. The whole affair of Christian perfection must be measured in terms of God, Who is beyond measure. We journey to the Infinite by way of the Infinite. There is no other way. "I am the Way." We may not rest, but all our doing is only an opening of a door, an invitation to Mystery, the Mystery that mysteriously bears us to our mysterious destiny, the embrace of the Triune God. All this should awe but not discourage us. Rather let it inspire and comfort us: inspire because of the grandeur of our purpose, comfort because its fulfillment depends not on our weakness but on His strength. Liberty and peace begin with our surrender, surrender to the Love that made us and

awaits us, as the mother's arms await the child in its first attempt to walk. Once in His arms we are safe. Then let the heavens crash. Let body and mind be broken, and shame blot out all memory of good. In some invulnerable depth of the Godlike spirit God is, and the rest is nothing.

The late Pope Pius XI has said that there is no place in our time for mediocrity. Few of us are greatly gifted. How shall we be great? "Verily I say to you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all: for these have of their abundance cast into the offerings of God: but she of her want hath cast in all the living that she had." The least of us that gives his all is great. A man may live on the brink of madness with nothing to give but the terror of his days, and in the giving be greater than the genius devoured by self. Little and great we owe the same: all our obedience, all our love. In this day we dare not give less.

the way of abandonment

Abandonment or absolute surrender to divine providence is a method of spirituality. It is not incompatible with great imperfection but the soul has made her choice. She will not be idle. The choice will be tested by immense effort and intense suffering. Impossible things will be borne and done, and each great act of acceptance of duty or suffering will be only a conditioning for more to follow, as if the whole thing had to be learned all over again each time. Yet somehow the recurring challenge is met and the soul is made to know, however obscurely, that God is in command.

It is not within the scope of this article even to outline a way of perfection. I am not a systematic thinker and anyhow the thing has been pretty thoroughly done before by better men. For our particular method De Caussade will perhaps be found most satisfactory. My own teacher was Father Baker but his English is seventeenth century. It is a language I love but strange to most people now. The beginner should be warned that reading is not enough. One can be a scholar of spirituality and go to hell. I have been reading and writing about sanctity half my life and I am continually being shamed by the virtue of people who don't even know the *Imitation*. It was the author of the *Imitation* who said: "I would rather feel compunction than know its definition." Do both if possible but keep your values straight.

My purpose then is not a planned exposition but a running commentary on certain day-to-day problems in spiritual practice, which I hope will prove sympathetic. Abandonment will be the point of reference.

lay spirituality

As a lay publication INTEGRITY is concerned with lay spirituality. It is important to recognize the distinction between the vocation of priests and religious on one side and the rest of us on the other. There is, of course, another distinction between the priest and the religious but that does not concern us here. We are the lowest order and our responsibility is largely limited to our own rank. We are not priests or religious and we should not try to live as though we were. We have our own very full vocation; if we try to impose the regimen of the cloister on top of it we shall overburden our lives to the point of danger.

It is essential to any considerable advance in Christian perfection that our lives be simple. Our end is union with God. To approach God we must become Godlike, and God is simple—beyond our comprehension. To be simple is not to reject anything that is good, but confusion is not good. In the beginning of our pilgrimage we can stand a good deal of multiplicity because we ourselves are indeterminate then, and this is the time to explore the avenues of spirituality so that we may discover our proper path, but sooner or later we must make our choice and stand by it. As we advance we shall learn to select what we require, leaving the rest, just as we select our food. There is no impoverishment in this any more than there is starvation in rational diet. There is no spiritual health in spiritual indigestion. We are bound by the commandments of God and of the Church. Within their compass we are free to follow where God leads.

We must not permit ourselves to be imposed upon by overzealous apostles of alien ways, however good the apostles or the ways, and by the same token we must be careful not to try to impose our way on others. We seek God. We shall find Him at the centre of our being. The shaft will be deep: it cannot be too wide. This is not a rejection of community. There is no community closer than the community of those who love God, and none broader. To love God is to love all creation, *in order*. God comes first.

daily office

"Be still and know that I am God." We can wash dishes and contemplate God once we have acquired the habit of the presence of God. We cannot contemplate Him at all if we weary our minds and hearts with a load of observance that properly belongs to the cloister. The choir monk does not spend the major part of his day in the rush of factory or office, nor in the endless tasks of the

overburdened young mother. It is important to remember that in our industrialized society men and women are generally overstrained, and it is not seeing God straight to think that He would overstrain them more. "My yoke is sweet and My burden light." This is not to suggest that we should not say some part of the Office or do anything else that seems good, and for our set prayers the Missal and the Breviary are what we require. The thing is that men who are driven to death by the world should not feel themselves driven further by God. The Divine Office of the layman is his daily labor. By doing even seemingly meaningless tasks well in obedience to God's providence he praises God as surely as the Benedictine in his choir. Say Prime and Compline by all means but first get the dishes out of the sink.

the habit of prayer

All that is said here presupposes a habit of prayer. In abandonment all our being and action is given to God. This is our prayer *par excellence*, but we cannot come to it and we shall not continue in it without continual communion with God. The soul approaching and continuing in abandonment has learned to breathe prayer. The ejaculation, beginning as a *forced act of the will*, after a time becomes second nature, a true aspiration. Our days are a stream of little acts: of contrition, submission, oblation, thanksgiving and praise. It is not an unbroken stream, at least not in its external manifestation, but the habit is there, and the soul returns to it as to her home. Everything is an occasion of prayer, from the fear and joy in the heart to the faces we see in the street. Everything returns us to God. Even so we need time for recollection, and that is another reason why there must be a limit to our external activity. We need to be wholly alone with God, naked before His Truth. We need *moments of truth*, to know ourselves, to know God. With all regard for duty let us seek these moments; they are perhaps the most precious of our lives.

separation from the earth

I have spoken of strain. Our age has been called by many names. It could be, and probably has been, called the age of the neurotic. I note that books are being written about the relation of religion and psychiatry. I haven't read any of them but the root of the relation should be pretty obvious. Mental disorder is a weakening of our hold on reality. The strengthening of that hold pertains to both psychiatry and religion. The neurotic can be helped by both, but the difference in their value is considerable. Religion knows more of reality: it knows the *Source* of reality. The cross is stronger than the couch, and a good deal safer.

I believe that, after our loss of religion, the principal cause of our mental ills is our separation from the earth. It is not only that so many live in cities but that the cities are no longer based on a healthy rural community. The ramifications of our industrial civilization have disrupted country living to the point where, in some sections at least, the rural population is mentally more unstable than the urban. Men still live *on* the land but they no longer live *with* it. Rather they treat it like a harlot, to be used and discarded at will. Man is spirit and clay, of God and the earth. To God and the earth he belongs. He cannot be right apart from them. We need some *intuition* of reality. Only on the higher planes of the mystical life do men know God directly. Hitherto it has been our union with the earth that provided the measure of intuitive wisdom without which our minds cannot be whole. To me one of the most frightening things about the communist program in Eurasia is the destruction of the peasantry, and note that, like the rest of that program, it is only the logical implementation of our own irrational tendencies. The earth is one of our links with God. Only in our time has that link been broken. Always before, whatever the mad mind of man inflicted on the race, the peasant remained, a base of sanity on which to rebuild. Today in most of the world the peasant is dead or dying. He wasn't always admirable. He was frequently coarse and even brutal, but he was real, and our basic contact with reality derived from him. We do not yet know the measure of our loss.

I believe that until this breach with the earth can be healed it must be compensated by an intensification of religious life. Since we have lost the reality of the earth (through which God spoke to our fathers) we must seek more than ever the reality of God. Our state is analogous to that of disembodied souls; it is not normal and until it can be corrected we must seek directly from God what normally He supplies by an agent. We must have reality; we cannot live on words, however holy. (The importance of the Sacraments in this connection should be obvious.)

what is God's will?

Repeatedly one is asked: how can I know God's will? There are two parts to the answer. The first is simple. God's will is our whole situation as of now except our sins. What we suffer from the sins of others is God's will. God's will is that we suffer and do what is given us to suffer and do. The alarm clock is the voice of God, and the child's cry in the night. Most of us have work to do; it is God's work. Most of us have ills to bear; they are the hand of God upon us.

There remains an area of choice. This second part presents great difficulty but only superficially, and the difficulty is also God's will. The soul committed to God is not going to go far astray. There is a sphere of liberty but there is also a fence. We find ourselves prevented from doing wrong, left free to do right. We also make mistakes (within the fence) and they are a wonderful corrective to pride. Making fools of ourselves is part of the process of perfection. Also the doubt and anxiety involved in difficult decisions are an excellent form of mortification. The thing is to suffer and do and doubt in the spirit of obedience and love.

Nor must we expect to be always conscious of God's presence. More likely we shall suffer long periods of desolation with the cloud lifted only at critical moments when we have reached the limit of endurance. Then angels will minister to us, but not for long. Soon again we may be crying: "My Lord, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Our affair is with the cross. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." If we accept the cross we need not worry too much about the road. One way or another it leads to Calvary, and heaven.

direction

Many (perhaps most) writers on spirituality insist on direction. I have continual complaints from people who cannot get it. Rightly or wrongly it doesn't worry me too much. If you can't get it you don't need it: if you did God would provide it. My own director set me in my way and cut me loose. There are different reasons why we may have to do without direction. It requires qualities not common to priests in any age. St. John of the Cross for one complains of incompetent directors. There is a compensation in bad direction, the practice of difficult obedience, but it is hardly a condition to be sought after.

There may also be a historical reason for our failure to get direction. The Church is being driven underground and the clergy destroyed. We do not know where it will stop. Our children may have to live with a minimum of clerical attention. It could be that God is preparing us for that event. On the other hand He may be preparing us to turn the tide. The attack is not simply external. There has been a great failure within. Under God only a spiritual renaissance can change the situation. In any event I can see no loss in added responsibility, provided we accept it with proportionate humility. We are back again to our utter dependence on God. "I can do all things in Him Who strengthens me."

Q U A R T E T I N H E A V E N

Matt Talbot was a drunkard,
 St. Dismas was a thief,
Magdalene a play-girl
 And Tom without belief.

But there they are in heaven
 Smiling down upon us now
As they hold a tilted halo
 To a badly battered brow.

Proud as punch they played the Palace
 With Gregorius and yet
Were given equal billing
 In their "Was I Blue" quartet.

So the sin of all you sinners
 Doesn't definitely damn
For your Wasness doesn't matter
 If your Isness really Am.

J. G. SHAW

The Scruples of Isaac Ben Nathan

I CAN remember how it happened. In fact, I remember it very clearly. It was just before Passover and that's always the busiest season of the year for us. I got down to the Exchange pretty early about the second hour. Malachias, my assistant, was there already and he'd started doing business. Trading was brisk and the market was bearish, just as you'd expect. Rhodian tetradrachmas were off two points at the start and pretty soon the other Greek issues began to decline, too. The Roman issues held up pretty well, of course, but by the fourth hour even they began to show signs of weakness and aurei were off half a point. Of course that's what you can expect around Passover. Pilgrims from everywhere bring all sorts of coin for exchange so they can pay their temple tax and that depresses the market. So we buy everything we can and wait for a rise. It's a safe operation and I turn a neat profit on it every year.

It must have been about the fifth hour that a seedy-looking fellow came in and dumped a heap of coins on my table. He had his wife with him with a couple of scrubby children holding on to her skirts. It seems he was a tenant farmer from the Delta and his father had just died and the old man had this hoard of coins hidden away somewhere and so this fellow inherited them. He got the idea of moving to Judea and buying a little farm somewhere not too far from Jerusalem where he could come up to the Temple often for the services. Sort of a pious fellow, I guess. I looked at the coins and they were the strangest assortment you've ever seen, lots of issues that aren't listed on the big board—we trade them over the counter or on the curb. It takes an expert like me to estimate the value of a portfolio like that and I could see that this farmer was a sort of simple fellow who didn't know much about business. I made a quick calculation in my head and I figured what he had was worth maybe 750, maybe 760, denarii. So I offered him 400. I let him argue me up to 500; then I got tough. I could see he was weakening. That's one thing about my business, you have to understand the psychology of the customer. Give me just a few minutes, and I'd have closed the deal.

Right then it happened. First there was a commotion in the cattle market next door; then the crowd burst into the Exchange. This Jesus of Nazareth was leading them with a whip in his hand. He made straight for my table, grabbed it by the corner, and turned it upside down. I made for the gate but he was after me and he

by Paul Hanly Furfey

laid the whip straight across my back with the crowd cheering him on all the time. Then he went for the rest of us and did the same thing. In less time than it takes to tell it, it was all over.

You probably wonder why I didn't stand up and fight. It's a funny thing, but you know this man claims to be God, and for a moment I had the strange feeling that maybe he *was* God. I wish you could have seen him. He was terribly angry, but it wasn't just ordinary anger—maybe something like Amos and Isaiahs and the other old prophets you read about. There was something about him—I guess you'd call it overpowering. Anyway, he just upset me all of a sudden, so I couldn't even think straight. I never saw anything like it. Funny thing to have happen to me.

I was awfully upset, so I told Malachias to fix things up the best way he could and I went home. I had my wife look at my back and there were welts all the way across it. She poured on oil and wine and fixed me up as well as she could and put me to bed. We sent for the doctor and he told me it was nothing serious, but I was just upset and I ought to stay in bed a couple of days and it would be all right. So I did, and let me tell you when I was in bed I did some mighty serious thinking.

I always knew that down at the Exchange we aren't very popular with the people. They think we have it easy. They don't know how hard we have to work. So they get jealous and make a lot of talk. I always knew that, but this was something different. You probably won't believe this, but I began to feel sort of mean and guilty. Imagine that! There I was, an ex-President of the Chamber of Commerce and one of the most respected business men in Jerusalem, if I do say so myself, and yet my morale was all caved in and somehow I felt sort of disreputable. I'm always fair and square in business—anyone will tell you that. Still, I started to worry about deals like this one with the farmer from the Delta.

Many of our readers will remember that some years ago Father Furfey did an excellent satire on modern social work and the story of the Good Samaritan. He now turns his attention to the profit system and the money-changers—whom, it seems, we have always with us.

I thought of him and his scrawny kids and how his old father must have been saving up that money for fifty years, scrimping and saving so he could leave something for his son after he was gone. I suppose I could have offered him a little more and still make a good profit for myself. But I always say business is business and I'm not in it for my health.

You can see how upset and confused I was, so when I got better I decided to talk it over with a priest. I decided to go to Johanen. You must know him, don't you? He belongs to Rotary, he's on the board of Family Welfare—sort of what you might call a community leader. He's a fine after-dinner speaker; we always try to get him when we put on a big affair. Johanen is the kind of priest I respect. He talks our own language. He's a fine priest, but he's no prig. He can tell a good story or take a hand in a poker game as well as the next one. I really respect him.

Well, as I was saying, I decided to talk it over with Johanen. So I made an appointment with him and went over to his house. He had the boy bring out a couple of drinks and we stalled around for a few minutes talking of this and that and then I got down to brass tacks and told him the whole story about what had happened and how I felt and everything.

Johanen didn't say anything at first, just took another sip of his drink, put the tips of his fingers together and looked kind of thoughtful. That's another thing I like about him; he doesn't make snap judgments. Finally he started talking. First, he told me not to take this Jesus of Nazareth too seriously. He said that after all he's just another agitator. I can remember the words he used: "He is stirring up the people, teaching throughout all Judea, and beginning from Galilee even to this place." He said that just as long as some men are successful and some men aren't, you're going to have agitators like this who come along and stir up the masses and get them dissatisfied and start trouble. He said that if even people like me lose our heads and get excited, what's going to happen to the stability of society. I could see his point there.

Then he started talking about me and he said, "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?" I told him of course not. Then he said, "Would you ever do anything in your business that you knew was really wrong, like forgery or stealing or not paying your just debts?" I got sort of red in the face and told him I certainly wouldn't and if he didn't believe me he could ask any of my friends. He smiled and said, "Of course I believe you. I haven't known you all these years without knowing your fine reputation. I was only asking that question to clear the air." He went on to

say that he couldn't see what I was worried about under the circumstances.

Then I brought up the case of the farmer from the Delta again. He said, "That seems to worry you, doesn't it?" I said frankly it did. So he said, "Let me ask you this. Suppose this man had gone to someone else. Would he have got a better price?" I said no. Of course he might have got a few denarii more or less one way or the other, but we stick together at the Exchange and we never outbid each other very much. If we did, what would happen to business? Of course Johanan knew that all along, but he was drawing me out and making me think for myself. He explained that, after all, I was just following the customs of the Exchange like any other good business man and if I hadn't made a profit on this or that customer, somebody else would. So where was any injustice? It sounded pretty sensible to me and I felt better. I thanked him and we had another drink and I went home.

* * *

I haven't thought about it very much since then, but just once in a while it comes up in my mind. Like the other day, for instance, when I made a big profit on a customer who was sort of simple and didn't know much about rates of exchange. Then I think about Jesus of Nazareth and the way he looked that day. It's all very complicated, isn't it? I guess the sensible thing to do is just to put it out of my head and that's what I do most of the time. But then again, I don't know. Sometimes it seems kind of hard to think straight about these things. Don't you feel that way?



AS IN DAYS OF YORE

As sure as you build another church,
A place of quiet retreat,
Mammon opens up a store
Directly across the street.

Jung and Freud

Charlene Schwartz: *God And The Unconscious* is a collection of articles in which Father White casually and informally touches on a great many questions concerning the relation of psychology to the faith. It is not a philosophic or theological treatise, but the insights of a philosopher and theologian who suggests more than he demonstrates—possibly because he senses that for the modern mind a demonstration is like having something crammed down one's throat, perhaps because he still has an open mind on some of the points. Whatever the reasons, he touches more or less indefinitely on a great many things, such as the diabolical origin of mental disorder, the radical difference between sacramental confession and psychological analysis, the function of religion as it is intrinsic to and not extraneous to the therapeutic process, and so on. For the most part he views his topic historically and developmentally with occasional philosophic peaks rising from time to time throughout the book. In this article we shall only discuss what seems to be his most important thesis and the one from which the title of the book is taken, God and the unconscious, and, related to this, his defense of Jung as against Freud.

the religious drive

Father White writes: "It seems that, whereas for Freud religion is a symptom of psychological disease, for Jung the *absence* of religion is at the root of all adult psychological disease." Father White is in agreement with Jung that in a normal religious life no neurosis is possible; he writes: ". . . the very fact that the patient is suffering a neurosis is an indication that his religion is itself involved." Or, to put it another way, Father White agreeing with Jung would say that when the "God-imago" is rejected from consciousness it appears in the unconscious, so that God is in some way identified with the unconscious. For Father White and Jung, then, God would not only be in the unconscious as repressed from consciousness; in addition God would be in the "collective unconscious" of everyone and as one matures the unconscious inherited "concepts" or symbols of divinity would become more and more assimilated to consciousness.

As Father White points out, Freud on the other hand explicitly denied the existence of God. For Freud we make God up in the image of our own father as he appeared to us as children, whereas for Jung the physical father is "the infant's first substitute

THE following article is a comment on Father Victor White's book *God and the Unconscious* (Regnery, \$4.00) by Charlene Schwartz who is engaged in clinical analytic work. Mrs. Schwartz has herself written a book *Neurotic Anxiety* in which she assimilates Freud's basic insights on neurosis to Thomistic philosophy.

for God." Thus Freud consistently maintained that anyone who really believed in God's existence was neurotic to that extent. And in fact if there were no God, the belief in God's existence would be entirely a delusional projection of the unconscious mind, like the belief that one is Napoleon. Thus Freud was led to deny the validity of the religious drive in man, the very drive which has a higher claim to fulfillment than the sexual drive which Freud so clearly recognized; whereas Jung rightly recognized that the religious drive is intrinsic to and primary in man.

Certainly we agree with Father White that Jung is right in this insight and Freud is wrong. But we cannot agree with Father White in his conclusion that we should follow Jung's psychology and reject Freud's. In fact we noticed that in the process of developing this conclusion Father White often seemed to express more emotional than rational conviction. Thus he consistently interprets and construes Jung's statements to conform to the traditional concepts, and where he has not done so with any finality he hopefully suggests that it may be possible to do so, whereas in the case of Freud he sometimes even fails to state his position accurately.

Freud's contribution

Now neither Freud nor Jung is a theologian but a psychologist and although we judge them by their "theology" in so far as they themselves introduced theology into their interpretation of psychological facts, we must judge them just as much if not more on their contribution to the theory of neurosis itself. Freud, in his *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* distinguished different neurotic defenses such as repression, the phenomenon of dissociation which is characteristic of obsessional neurosis, regression and so on. He stated the observed facts and gave empirical descriptions of neurotic mechanisms which are unparalleled by any other psychologist. In fact this seems to be precisely where his genius lay, in recognizing and distinguishing different neurotic structures. We find nothing comparable in either Jung, Adler or Allers, all of whom broke from Freud and established rival theories of analysis. There

are no additional structural descriptions of neurosis and psychosis in any of them; on the contrary they have (particularly Adler and Allers) left behind many of the basic concepts, concepts which are entirely independent of theology.

Father White and Jung both think it odd that Freud has so many more followers than Jung, especially among those who recognize the importance of spiritual values, when it is Jung who recognizes the spiritual values which Freud denies. The reason, we think, is that Freud has the most outstanding contribution to offer in the way of an empirical description of neurosis, whereas Jung has been tending more and more to religious speculation in his writings, so that his concept of neurosis has become more theological than psychological. That presumably is why he denies the determinate nature of neurosis. "Neurosis is no isolated, sharply defined phenomenon, it is a reaction of the *whole* human being" (quoted from Jung's foreword to the present book).

We agree that neurosis is a reaction of the whole human being, but it is a very distinct kind of reaction. Thus Freud's more specific preoccupation with neurosis as such, and with clinical observation, offers us more factual material on the neurotic mechanism than anything found in Jung. Jung's achievement is in the order of interpretation of these facts, for where Freud only saw the universality of the sexual drive, the drive to perpetuate the species, Jung saw the universality of the drive for God. Thus Jung's superiority rests principally on his insight into the primacy of the spiritual drive in man rather than on any outstanding contribution to the understanding of neurosis as a form of behavior distinct from the normal.

Jung's "theology"

Yet however right Jung was in this general insight, the "theology" he constructs to account for his observations presents so many difficulties in its confusion, vagueness and literal errors, and it is so individualistic besides, that one cannot accept it. Father White points out several of these difficulties, for instance "Jung's personal views on evil, which inevitably affect much in his interpretation of psychological material besides his conception of the doctrine of the Trinity, are still a very serious stumbling block."

Karl Stern in a statement quoted by Father White observes that Jung's work "frequently leads to some sort of noncommittal mysticism, a mysticism without discipline, so that in the end there remains a museum of religious experiences with Christian, Hindu, Buddhist, etc., collector's items." Yet despite these difficulties, and

others, Father White is still convinced of the radical superiority of Jung's psychology to Freud's; whereas in our opinion Jung's contribution to the theory of neurosis itself is negligible and his "theology" is filled with insurmountable difficulties.

As we would sum it up: if Jung's theology is taken literally, it is very frequently essentially in error; if it is only a construct, to be taken symbolically, there is no objective theology at all. But if theology is an integral part of psychology (as Father White believes and which it would be if the drive for God is a dominant human drive) an analyst would have to assert certain literal objective religious dogmas as an integral part of his psychological theory for his theory to be complete. Freud certainly does not do this, except negatively, nor does Jung, at least as far as his expressed intention goes. But it is impossible to avoid theological statements in psychology, and for all their intentions both men could not avoid it. But they were both wrong in their theologies which crept into their theory, and wrong in their belief that theology had to be kept out.

A psychologist must be concerned with and take an objective stand on religion, for psychological religious convictions on the part of the patient are either simply wrong or delusional, or they are objectively true. So that if an analyst does not take a stand on religious doctrines, he would not even be able to diagnose the condition of his patient.

possible reinterpretation

As we view it, Freud gives the most useful practical account of the phenomenon of neurosis, and Jung seems to have only the very general insight into the primacy of the human drive for God. Now we are far more inclined (contrary to Father White's opinion) to reinterpret Freud's data in the light of the right principles rather than to follow or reinterpret Jung. Yet Father White not only suggests that we reinterpret Jung's observations; he also denies the possibility of reinterpreting Freud. For although Father does not always agree with Rudolph Allers, he does agree with his statement that no "distinction can be made between Freudian philosophical theory and clinical practice," that is, Father White and Allers think Freud's false theology is so bound up with his practice that both must be rejected. We do not agree with this, and besides it seems just as true to say that Jung's misleading and literally false theological statements are so bound up with his practice that in his case, too, both must likewise be rejected.

The fact remains that both Freud and Jung observed the phenomenon and both misinterpreted it, and if Jung's facts can

be reinterpreted, so can Freud's by the same token. Freud's theology is no more intrinsic to his theory of neurosis than Jung's theology is to his. In fact Freud's writings contain a lot more statements which are independent of theological interpretation than do Jung's.

rational animal

All this may appear to minimize Jung's contribution to psychological analysis, that man's inability to be in the right relation to God is at the root of all neurosis. Father White is understandably grateful for that insight. But we do not want to overestimate it either, for the inability to be in the right relation to God characterizes the sinner as well as the neurotic. And thus, although the wrong relation to God in a remote generic sense is a cause of neurosis, it does not begin to explain neurosis. Freud, moreover, had the humility to admit that although he could describe neurotic structure, he could not account for the genesis of neurosis, that is, find the specific reason why some people became neurotic and others did not.

It is true that Freud's case histories are overly full of sexual symbols, because he was looking for them practically to the exclusion of everything else. But Jung's case histories are analogously filled with religious symbols. It seems to us that the one is as unbalanced as the other; because man is a rational animal we expect to find symbols of both. For the answer to the basic question of what causes neurosis must ultimately involve both man's animal and rational nature.



IDENTICAL TWINS

**On the list to be extinguished
Of man's so many afflictions:
The failure to distinguish
Science from science-fictions.**

Recreation and Children

J*ULY is the month when recreation is the prime topic of conversation. Mary Reed Newland who lives with her husband and six children in rural Massachusetts shares her thinking on the subject.*

Mary Reed Newland: Recreation means so many different things to so many people that this trying to sit down and write simply about "recreation" is likely to end up way off center. For some people it means what you do at summer camp, summer resorts, or clam bakes. And for some it means what you do on playgrounds, at nursery schools or on nature walks. And for still some more it means deciding between the movies, tv, dinner and dancing or a drink with friends, and so on. One man's meat is another man's poison and to try to describe recreation as everyone sees it is impossible.

it must be fun

For parents, recreation is as much a part of the spiritual training of their children as anything else, with one simple distinction: to be recreation, for a child, it must be fun. The other lessons aren't always fun, and some can be quite painful, but this one doesn't qualify unless it is. It isn't always fun for mothers, and in their human weakness, at the end of a long day of interruptions and messes and wasted time, they are likely to look at some of the most satisfying forms of recreation and see them as strictly a pain in the neck. By the same token, a child will sometimes look back on what parents have planned as a recreation and be either too tired, too full, too confused to get much benefit from it. This is not meant to be, however, a blanket disapproval of planned recreation or a finger-wagging at mothers who can't take mud pies on the kitchen floor, but simply a reflection on the fact that recreation thinking these days has taken such a specialized turn that we are inclined to lose our really delicate perception in regard to it.

The first years of a child's life are almost all recreation, or he won't get through them happily. From his point of view and for all he doesn't know it, learning, eating, discovering, inventing, all things that are fun and exciting, even humdrum but satisfying, are a form of recreation, which the dictionary defines as "refreshment of body or mind; diversion, amusement, as a pleasurable exercise or occupation." And the best clues to what recreation is for him come from him. Toys come first of all, at least things to play with, and here he often neatly evades what the grown-ups would have him accept as proper and fitting things. For example, take every family's experience with the baby who, having unveiled all the Christmas gifts, returns to the kitchen to get out the pots and pans on Christmas morning. After talking a lot but doing nothing about it, this past Christmas we bought our baby's gifts in the housewares department of the five and ten and he had the best time ever with sets of colored paper cups, plastic measuring spoons, a plastic scratcher for scrubbing pots and pans and a slightly off-plumb egg beater. Not that he did not enjoy the gifts other people gave him, but children have an affinity for imitating grown-ups in their play and to take advantage of it is to open one of the widest corridors to a child's learning.

work is play

Little girls love getting toy dishes and stoves, but they prefer being busy around their mothers' dishes and stoves and until they grow wary enough to identify such carryings on with work (and, absorbing some of the attitude of a fallen world toward work, start to shy away from it) some of their very best times are had wiping dishes, overseeing the cooking, and especially, particular joy, scrubbing the sink. They sometimes waste more scouring powder than they need, and hypnotized by the multiplication of soapsuds, pour out more soap than they need, but the meditations and musings to be bought for a nickel's worth of soap or scouring powder are rare and wonderful things, and if we really stopped to put a value on them we'd find such soul-satisfactions cannot be bought for a price. One of the most confounding evidences for the argument that recreation is sometimes intimately allied to forms of work is that remark often heard from little girls, "I love doing dishes at someone else's house."

So just because a kitchen is associated in our minds as a place to work does not mean that it is not one of the very best places to play, also. Just as garages and cellar work benches are, for little boys, very good places to play. If we have lost sight of this, not because we are stupid or insensitive but merely busy and distracted,

we can regain the perspective by stopping to put ourselves in their places, to see, not the work schedule interrupted by the pottering child, but the pottering child who will soon be a woman. Considering the span from the cradle to the grave and the reason for man's being here, play that is imitation of man's work is really instinctive, and understandable, and God's way for preparing His creatures little by little for maturity. And it shows that God made man so that no matter how rich or how poor, recreation depends more on what is inside him than what is outside, and why, when to his parents the cluttered yard and the bald spots on the lawn are anathema, to a child they can be a paradise.

Sometimes it is the children of the poor who invent the best recreations of all, precisely because they must invent them. Once, when we were really scraping the bottom of the barrel, we discovered our boys—with nothing that would qualify remotely as commonly catalogued recreational paraphernalia—had taken an old mop handle, fastened to it a piece of discarded hose, dragged alongside an empty crate and on the crate was the sad, sad remnant of what had once been another child's toy tractor. One boy was in the crate, under the tractor, giving it a grease job, and another was pumping gas in it with the hose fastened to the mop handle. If we had qualms about what a child needs to be provided with in order to entertain and instruct himself, it was then we cast them to the winds.

educational toys

It's so much simpler than the specialists like to imply. We know of a couple who were determined their child should have nothing but the most highly recommended educational toys to play with—which toys are good and fun, but along with them goes a kind of informal I. Q. test. They bought a wooden mailbox equipped with different shaped blocks which fitted into shaped slots, and presenting it, sat back to calculate their small son's ability to figure out which blocks went into which slots. He looked it over, took out all the blocks, then turning the box upside down discovered the master slot for removing the blocks, opened it and, willy-nilly, dumped in the blocks. God love him, he was so far ahead of them that one encounter left it behind—for all it was prescribed for his age and development.

So recreation, it seems, is a very fluid thing and likely to be discovered under the appearances of mere meddling, or messing around, or cluttering up, and is also sometimes quite recognizable as "play." Like all other things in life, it has to be subject to some regulation but at the same time not categorized and frozen in a

set form. No one is suggesting, of course, that all a child's recreational peccadilloes be catered to or tolerated ad infinitum for fear of cutting him off from his play—or, like one family, the jungle gym be moved into the living room (it really happened) come winter and the end of the climbing outdoors season. It simply takes the same love and judgment (how easy this sounds!) to handle it as it takes to handle rewards, punishments, assignment of work, and all the rest of the parts of growing up. And like these other things, it has a definite relation to God and along with "recreating" should go learning to offer it to God.

recreation and religion

"You mean," Peter said, "that you can offer everything that's good to God? Playing? Even just standing still?" Even playing, just standing still, everything that is good, because everything that is good is a reflection of God's goodness and is a gift as much as those strange gifts of pain and trial He sends to perfect our wills. We receive the grace to have fun, just as we receive the grace to do other things. I think it was Monsignor Knox who said in one of his *Slow-Motion* books that he hoped his spiritual charges, offering up things for him, were remembering to offer a movie or two (cinema, he said) or a good cricket match, because he didn't want sour things only offered as prayers for him. And if we remind them often enough and lovingly enough, and after really good fun, perhaps we shall help establish the connection between all forms of recreation and prayer. Otherwise, unless one anticipates a life of endless misery, it would be impossible to "pray always." At the same time it ought to establish deep in the subconscious, the instinctive awareness of things that are fitting recreation as compared to those which are not fitting, and therefore cannot be offered as prayer.

There is a disinclination on the part of some people to "drag religion" into the business of having fun, when to ignore our relation to God in our recreation (while bleating constantly to Him about our work, our finances, our aches and pains) is the thing that is out of place, not the reverse. I have never seen a picnic or a beach party spoiled yet by the acknowledgment, "Wasn't God good to give us this lovely day," or "If it weren't for original sin, there'd be no sand in the potato salad," and barring overdoses of out and out sermons, the fabric of detachment—seeing all things against a background of God—is woven step by step a little bit tighter with each acknowledgment that, but for His cloudless sky, or warm sand, or infinite foresight that would permit man to one

day invent the hot dog, this party wouldn't have been half as much fun.

And at the times of the great feasts, outright religious recreations, including even mixed groups, are far more successful and satisfying—by virtue of the graces of the feasts, I am sure—than amusement for the sake of amusement. Many times it is the only opportunity for apparently religion-less people to acknowledge, awkwardly perhaps, a divine instinct deep inside which wants to be given a voice. The times when we have invited non-Catholics to celebrate the great vigils or feasts with us have been very happy gatherings, with—in the case of Halloween—the interesting discovery that when the background for the vigil is explained, the compulsion to indulge in even mild vandalism seems pointless.

community recreation

Because we are part of society, it is important that we think of recreation in terms of neighborhood and community recreation as well as in terms of family recreation. I know no parents who are deliberately anticipating bad entertainment habits as part of their children's growing up—only those who worry about the possibility; but too often all thought on the subject omits any real practical effort to forestall what is undesirable. It isn't an original idea, but neighborhood action is the answer and recently several nationally circulated articles have told of communities enforcing curfews, party conventions, formal dress customs and so forth. Most of these accounts have dealt with situations already out of hand, and how they were brought under control, but what is to stop the parents of the very young from establishing patterns which will preclude their getting out of hand?

We have begun feeling our way with a plan in our neighborhood and even though there is wide difference in our various religious beliefs, we all agree that we want to raise wholesome, moral children. We want our children to grow up with a sense of recreation that does not limit itself to going to movies, listening to juke boxes, tearing around in hot rods or drinking beer and dancing. None of these things is essentially bad in itself, but the world holds so much more.

mountain climbing

Our initial step at a neighborhood entertainment was a mountain climb. We have on our land what is (by some people) laughingly called a "mountain" complete with trees, rocks, lichen, moss, fungi, birds, animals and fresh air. Best of all, it has a top which, when you reach it, you sit on and then you turn around and come down. Children from four to ten years old were included, with

five mothers—we had twenty people in all. We all climbed, and after the climb we all ate, informally, coffee cake and cocoa. Not very world-shaking, but highly successful as a planned recreation and the goodbyes were studded with, “Oh thanks—we had the *best* time.” Living with a mountain ceases to be a novelty after a while, and under other circumstances I might have heard my children react to the suggestion that they climb it with, “Oh, mother—we already *climbed* it.” But gather a group of people together and suggest it, and all of a sudden it’s a terrific idea. So too is eating your lunch, or picking blueberries, or wading in the brook—when you all do it together. We haven’t the time or money or transportation facilities to go off on elaborate forays in search of recreation, but we can work away at the business of establishing in our childrens’ minds many wholesome forms of recreation by planning the simple things, and getting them to do them together.

Successful group recreation doesn’t seem to depend on the elaborate as much as it does on unity and enthusiasm, and if our experiences have been a measure, I think that city families in the same block or apartment house can make trips to the park, to the zoo, rides on the ferry, a trip to the museum just as exciting for their children as our (really prosaic) mountain climb was for ours, without spending more than bus fare or money for ice cream cones.

families can recreate together

What’s new about all this? Nothing—really, except perhaps our stopping to observe that more and more we have grown used to the idea that planned recreation is the function of recreation directors, community centers, summer playground programs, day camps and scout troupes. And if we are convinced that this is so, then we have been sold a bill of goods. Somehow, some way, families—even families with one or two babies still in dipes, and fathers working odd shifts in factories—can challenge this idea that recreation for all of them together is no longer possible. If no other way, then by doing as a family I know did—declaring Thursday “children’s day” and leaving the chores where they were at a set time and simply doing things that were fun together. To neglect recreation, to consign it to the category of things “kids will do anyway,” is like saying “kids will eat anyway,” and not bothering to care what they eat.

And looking ahead to the day when in high school, they will be driven by that overpowering urge to run with the pack—to neglect the opportunities to band together now in neighborhood groups and plan wholesome recreation is missing the one big chance to set the standards of the pack. Groups of Catholic high

school girls all over the country have begun to establish conventions in modest evening dresses simply by, together, demanding them from designers. Whether its strapless evening dresses, driving cars, drinking, whatever, something *can* be done and the earlier the better. Small children gather the strength and security for sound social behavior first of all from their spiritual training and their family life, but sometimes the best of them alone will waver before the pressure of ridicule and custom and "everybody does it." Supported by a group whose tastes are as wholesome as theirs, they stand a much better chance of weathering the delicate, dangerous years of adolescence and first experiments with maturity.

a community fair

Through organizations like PTA and others, essentially family organizations, there is recreational application to be made on even a broader level—the community itself. Our PTA is holding a Town Fair this year, the first in many years, and almost the entire program depends on the fruits of creative family recreation, whether crafts, hobbies, flowers, herbs, art work or whatever. And for all the fun of entering the exhibits, the best fun of all is going together, with the mothers stopping to see the quilts and hooked rugs and the needlepoint, and the fathers the cabinet work and the metal craft and the chair caning, and the children to smell the herbs—taste them if they are brave, and discuss the flower show awards, criticize the art. Hard work, you may say, putting on a fair—hardly a recreation for any but those who will stroll through it. But not many of the people who work on it would agree. It is hard work, but in a strange way it is also recreation.

re-creating gladness

Defining recreation gets "curiouser and curiouser" as you try to track the meaning down, because it is so many different things to so many different people. For some it is work, for some play, for some study, for one lady I know it is caring for the altar and cleaning the sanctuary (most of her friends tell her this is a job for the janitor). Maybe the reason it is so elusive is that we never really look at the word and what it's made of—re-creation. What man attempts to do when he seeks recreation as a change and a refreshment from the weariness of his daily work is to re-create the gladness of heart of his first parents before the fall, when all the world and all of life was full of joy in a creation that was free of sin. Christ accomplished a re-creation when He redeemed us and poured His blood over a fallen world, establishing a society in His Mystical Body through which we could find paradise again in spite of the continuing presence of evil.

Outside of Him, all our attempts to recreate fall short, the joy is never more than transitory, the recreation rarely more than a diversion. But in Him we can find it—and maybe that is the secret of why the saints' lives were such a fusion of what we call by the common words—work, suffering, prayer, play—because they discovered that He is the instrument of re-creation, and in Him all human activity can become a recreation.



MORALLY SENSITIVE

I cannot bear to see

A man his friend betray,

To spare myself the pain

I look the other way.

Peace Among Christians

THE lack of union among Christians is one of the most heart-rendering realities of our day. Father Tavard, a French Assumptionist priest at present stationed in New York, has been active in ecumenical work.

George H. Tavard, A.A.: Christ is the medium of all relationships between God and man. In the final analysis He is also the medium of relationships between men. The highest of these is love, which theology sees as the source of peace: both of the peace which is included in the blessedness of heaven, and of that which, here on earth, follows upon the contemplation of the great acts of God. "The seventh mediatorship is the mediatorship of peace which is achieved through universal reconciliation. Theologians are concerned with it in their contemplation of how the universe, coming from God, returns to Him. . . . The mediator is Christ in the gift of eternal beatitude" (St. Bonaventure).

This provides points for meditation today.

peace not of this world

Even between men who bring the utmost amount of charity to their social relationships, perfect peace does not belong to this world. Only after "the first heaven and the first earth have passed away" shall we live in the holy city where "God will wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no longer, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor sorrow any longer, for former things shall have passed away." The daily clash between men of good will provides empirical backing to this. It is so common an experience that we may well be resigned to live forever in a state of tension where perfect peace is not. Man's situation makes impossible the thorough intercommunion of thoughts and loves which would be eternal peace in Christ.

Not only does this apply to international peace. It is true also as far as peace among Christians is concerned and, as a result, it affects the peace of the soul. Kierkegaard wrote, "The mystery

of innocence is that it is also anguish." There is no peace of soul for Christians which does not make room for an anguish at their disunion and an agonizing desire to overcome intellectual discord by concord on the basis of charity. Yet such a peace of soul is no peace in the sense of an absence of oppositions. The peace of soul that can be ours now is a balance of opposites. As long as he is divided from the smallest of his brethren a man is mistaken if he thinks he has internal peace. Christ "is our peace, who made both into one," in the sense that He brings us the power to surmount, without denying, our external dividedness.

divisions among Christians

The divisions of Christians concern *all* of them individually. To think that it is a matter for which we are not responsible because schisms and heresies may be traced back to men who died long ago amounts to denying the collective aspect of our faith and the universal liability of us all. It concerns Catholics, since "catholicism" means very little if it does not imply universal responsibility. It concerns Protestants since there is no true "protest for God"—this being the valid side of Protestantism—which does not condemn man's divisive behavior. The former, because they are Catholic, must assume the sufferings of the Church universal. The latter, because they are Protestants, must blame those sufferings upon man's shortcomings, in which they themselves are involved as men. The common attitude of Christians facing the fact of their divisions must be an acceptance of the personal implications of that fact for themselves. They must renounce security when peace is not secured among Christians. They must forego spiritual complacency in their own creed when they cannot assent to it without refusing communion to some of their brothers.

This realism is the first step toward Christian concord.

peace, the overflow of love

Granted that perfect peace is not of this world, even among Christians, it remains that we already enjoy an inchoate participation in the eternal life, that beatitude is incipient in grace. We can therefore create peace among ourselves in the exact measure of our living up to grace. The peace of the heavenly kingdom can, to no meagre extent, though never completely, be brought down to the kingdom of God which is in this world. Should we try to discover how this is to be done, no plan may be put forward. For peace among Christians must be the natural overflow of their love one for another.

Men who are united by their common allegiance to one Lord through one baptism cannot bear to be divided anywhere else. For

the following words of St. Paul describe a reality which is experienced in truly Christian lives: "Here there is no more Greek or Jew, circumcised or uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave or free man, for Christ is all and in all." Compared with the experience of "the common life in the Body of Christ" all differences fade away: nationality, race, sex, wealth. But as long as a man still looks down upon somebody else, he is not a real Christian. If he has not learned to respect men, he has not known Christ. "As you wish that men do to you, do so to them." "Judge not, that you be not judged. For you will be judged with your own judgment; and the measure you will give will be the measure you receive." "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive. . . ."

A question may naturally be asked: what about the separations of Christians? There is neither Greek nor Jew; but there are Protestantism and Catholicism, each claiming to be genuine Christianity and condemning the other. What the Catholic Church does officially, must we not do in our individual behavior? Or, from the other side, what the Reformation did, must not a Protestant also do? There is plainly a difference between disagreeing with a doctrine or a way of worship and discriminating against those who profess that doctrine or who worship in that way. The former need entail no breach of Christian charity. The latter on the contrary embodies the judgment against which Our Lord has warned us. Yet it is frequent practise with both Catholics and Protestants. Whatever the objective value of their faith, the so-called Christians who refuse to see Christ in their separated brethren only show that they have understood very little of Christianity.

unconscious prejudices

A standing tension between Christians of various creeds is unavoidable. No perfect peace may be expected for this earth. On the level of convictions differences are bound to arise and, once arisen, presumably to stay. But the world of human relationships has furthermore been damaged by centuries of strife and, at times, of open war between Christians. The result has been, on both sides, the growth of huge constellations of unconscious prejudices. When Catholics and Protestants despise each other for their understanding of the faith, they are the tools of prejudice. Their illusion that they are heralds of the faith blinds them to their unconscious motives. The only way to get rid of this complexus of prejudice is to bring it to the light of conscious knowledge. This should be done by pointing out the pseudo-religious origin of prejudice, which is to be traced back, ultimately, *not* to doctrinal disagreements, but rather to a *fear of persecution* which is, in the mind of

collectivities, the memory of former religious wars. There can even be no serious talk on pending issues, either on doctrinal or on disciplinary matters, outside of an atmosphere of mutual trust and good will. "Love itself is intellection." Where personal dealings are involved there is no true understanding of another man's attitude where there is no love for him.

The second step to Christian concord is therefore the effective desire to correct our behavior and to purify the ground of our actions.

the task of theologians

This brings us around to a third point. Christ's mediation of peace is connected with the work of theology. That is to say, it is the task of theologians mainly—though not exclusively—so to undermine the anti-Catholic and the anti-Protestant prejudices that these may dissolve in the hearts of Christians. This is no easy doing. For theologians also share in the common prejudices of their background. Yet they are, or ought to be, better equipped than others to exorcise the spooks of anti-Protestantism and anti-Catholicism. After all, the only question is to distinguish between disagreements which involve our conscience and unChristian behavior. This is no superhuman task, although it may be more than human to make all grasp the distinction, and still more difficult to make all behave accordingly.

There is ground to think that the work of Christian concord is the *most urgent* of this century. Whatever theoretical way of return to unity may be sponsored, any practical effort must be made first of all in bettering social relationships between Catholics and non-Catholics. If the wish of Christ is that "all may be one," then trust we may that God will not leave unassisted a serious attempt to establish inter-Christian relations on the basis of Christian charity. "Love is patient and kind; love envies not, deals not perversely, is not boastful; love is not ambitious, seeks not its own, does not give way to anger, thinks evil of no one; love does not rejoice in iniquity but in the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." If a dozen Catholics and a dozen Protestants devoted their lives to working out the practical implications of Christian love for the Christians of the other persuasion, something would start moving in the present stalemate.

friendship

No toning down of doctrinal divergences may be envisaged. As a point of loyalty these must be maintained. My Protestant friends do not expect me to give up any item of my beliefs for the

sake of peace; and I do not wish them to renounce their convictions for the same purpose. Truth alone should lead them to the Church; and though I hope to be instrumental in helping them discover the full truth, I must respect the patience of God in His guidance of men. In the meanwhile, we are friends nonetheless.

The rise of friendship between Christians of various traditions is one more step forward on the road to concord.

a deepened spiritual life

Given the present situation of widespread misunderstanding and distrust among Christians, such a plea for mutual good will may sound unrealistic. Yet nothing is more real than the realm of the spiritual life. In the final analysis, it is in the spiritual life of Christians that the dilemma will be solved. To overcome the opposition of man to man while upholding the irreducibility of true and false is a matter of spiritual insight into both the implications of Christian faith and the requirements of Christian life. Vain it would be to try and promote outward unity if one did not strive to keep the inward poise of Christian wisdom. Hence the need for a deeper share in the life of the Mystical Body of Christ, for a more eager experience of prayer.

Not only does the theme of peace provide an unfathomable subject for contemplation; it also urges one to greater personal unity with Christ in His Mystical Body. This involves suffering, since inner unity atones for the tearing asunder of those who should be one. To this basic cause of spiritual suffering which is inseparable from an anguish for peace and concord, there is added the accidental yet no less painful opposition or indifference of men who do not grasp the implication of peace for Christians.

Nothing, however, ought to discourage apostles and prophets of Christian concord, for to them it is given to experience what Baldwin of Canterbury (1191) so finely expressed: "O wide and dilating charity, how large is thy abode, how boundless the place of thy possession! To avoid being straitened in our hearts, let us not straiten ourselves within the limits of our righteousness. Charity broadens our hope to the extent of the communion of saints in a communion of rewards. The latter is a prophecy of the future: it is the communion of glory which shall be revealed in ourselves. . . . *Then all the saints will have as it were one heart and one soul and all things will be common among them, for God will be all in all.*"

To foretell in their present existence the future experience of all is the God-given vocation of peaceseekers, for the "Prince of Peace" is also "Father of the World to Come."

BOOK REVIEWS

Pioneer of Thomism

THE RANGE OF REASON

By Jacques Maritain

Scribner, \$3.50

In this collection of essays the eminent philosopher Jacques Maritain appears not as the philosopher proceeding in the demonstrative mode proper to sci-

ence but as the sage passing judgment and shedding light upon a variety of human affairs from a vantage point won by years of philosophical investigation. The philosophical argumentation then is presupposed rather than made explicit.

The Catholic world, indeed the world, owes much to Maritain, more probably than we realize; he is undoubtedly *the* great pioneer of Thomism of modern times and has done more to make Catholicism respectable in intellectual circles than any other Catholic thinker. For some unfortunate reason objective criticism of Maritain seems to be difficult to make. In the climate prevailing today it seems that one must be either a Maritainite or not. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the truly dreadful intellectual impoverishment of Catholic circles. As a consequence any writer we produce who makes an impression upon the world is seized upon with such avidity and extolled to such lengths that he becomes an idol (through no fault of his own). Inevitably others react to the idol and proceed to a distempered and unfair rejection of all his works. At any rate I speak as one who has profited much from Maritain but is not a Maritainite. In short I do not think that Maritain is to be equated with St. Thomas or that all his positions reflect the true application of Thomistic doctrine to modern problems. I think, as do others better qualified than myself, that on many points Maritain gives way too much to the modern temper. I also think that this in part accounts for some of his success in the non-Catholic world. And although Maritain would never be guilty of watering the doctrine as a tactic, yet God is not above giving the world the truth in small doses, as much as it can bear. We are not yet of such an age that a St. Thomas would be received with open arms, by Catholic intellectuals or others.

Of the different essays, in some we find Maritain at his best; "The Ways of Faith" couldn't be bettered; his remarks on Thomism are perfect. The same essay elaborates one of his most cherished doctrines, the ordered hierarchy of the three wisdoms, metaphysical, theological and the wisdom of contemplation. This last he truly characterizes as the term of the other two, the term eagerly sought by the intellect informed by faith.

"The Christian Teaching of The Story of the Crucifixion" and "Blessed Are the Persecuted" are at once beautiful and profound. His remarks on the "First Act of Freedom" in which the soul turns to the good, whether known as God or not and his brilliant analysis of contemporary atheism are illuminating and deserve careful attention. Perhaps best of all are the many references M. Maritain makes throughout the book to the key problem of our age, the penetration of the temporal order

by the faith. It is here that he is at his best and can be the most useful. For Maritain is at once a spiritual man, most intelligent a theologian and an intimate observer of the ways of the modern world. Presumably the readers of *Integrity* are above all absorbed in this problem of problems and to them Maritain should be extraordinarily valuable.

On the other side, it would have been well if his essay on "Science and Philosophy" showed an awareness that there is an increasing dissatisfaction with his solution to the problem of the relation between these two disciplines. Maritain has never pretended that he follows Aristotle and St. Thomas on this point; in fact he avows that their doctrine was singularly defective in not distinguishing between the two. Since this position was developed, many years ago, great advances have been made in the understanding of the Aristotelian conception of the Philosophy of Nature. It now appears that Maritain did not understand the reasons why the ancients regarded the experimental sciences as an extension of the Philosophy of Nature. But to my knowledge he has never adverted to this newer interpretation which has vast consequences by way of healing the breach between science and philosophy, a breach which his doctrine consecrates.

I utterly fail to follow his statement that "the way in which art and poetry have become aware of themselves and of the knowledge which is peculiar to them—*poetic* knowledge—appears to me to be a great conquest of modern times." He is certainly right in tracing this "conquest" to the German romanticists and Baudelaire, a parentage from which one would scarcely expect such a gain to come. Maritain seems to be unaware that this exaltation of poetry as *knowledge* (a conception farthest from the mind of Aristotle and St. Thomas, a reflection which might at least give him pause) is but one facet of root modern disease by which *all* knowledge leads not to the contemplation of God, but the new divinity, man. That is why speculative science is despised today and all science consists in the practical manipulation and control of nature. In science we contemplate the marvelous power of man, in the arts the creative genius of the poet. That is why, Maritain to the contrary, the arts are so obscure today. The divinity must be wrapped in layer upon layer of well-nigh impenetrable symbols. Certain resemblances which modern art, poetry and music necessarily have to sacred art occur because both are in fact sacred in nature, although in the service of *contrary* divinities. But Maritain and his followers, notably the Dominican Father Coutourier, have been led by the similarities in technic to an all but uncritical acceptance of modern art forms.

As in questions of art, so also in political matters I think M. Maritain, starting from the valid premise that there must be good in these doctrines and movements which have so much power to attract modern minds, and excessively wedded to the belief in the necessity of progress, makes such a valiant effort to find the truth in them that he mistakes as true gains in man's understanding of natural things what in fact attracts because of a likeness, even though perverted, to Christian truths. Maritain is right in denouncing those who make no effort to see what is true and good in modern developments, but it does not follow that the good in modern thought is situated where he finds it or that that good lies in the line of a greater development of natural truth, as he too easily assumes. The light of theology can show us just what is at least the appearance of truth

in modern art, in the contemporary exaltation of freedom and the human person, etc. and in so doing will enable us to recognize the aspirations of modern men. We shall thus be in a position to lead them to Christ in Whom they will find the fullness of the truth they seek. Maritain's rhetoric of freedom, his exaltation of the person over the common good, etc. consecrate as natural truths what are in fact perversions of the natural order, but which are successful because of their likeness to Christian truths. Although Maritain at times maintains the supremacy of the common good, yet he consistently takes it back with the other hand. In fact Maritain has no consistent doctrine of the relation of the person and the common good; his celebrated and unThomistic (in the sense that he uses it) distinction between the person and the individual shows all too clearly the erroneous trend of his thought on this point.

Enough has been said perhaps to indicate that with M. Maritain, as with most others, with the exception of the Saints and Doctors, one must pick and choose. With Maritain as with any other intellectual of the day, it seems to be the best rule, and one sanctioned by experience as well as authority, that the closer the fidelity to St. Thomas the more truth one will find.

WILLIAM DAVEY

Superb Biography

TERESA OF AVILA
By Marcelle Auclair
Trans. by Kathleen Pond
Pantheon, \$4.95

Only a woman, and perhaps only a French woman with a deep love and knowledge of Spain, could have written this remarkable biography of that great Spanish woman, mystic and saint, Teresa of Avila. We are indebted to Mme. Auclair for a discerning and delightful portrait of a superb woman. Wisely, the author has attempted no "interpretation" of the saint, but has simply presented her, in skillful and loving words, that the reader may know and love her in turn.

For it is Teresa herself who emerges triumphantly in these pages, as fascinating a woman for our day as she was for her own. Woman she was, in very truth, from the time when as "a girl who was maddeningly beautiful, endowed with an 'extraordinarily' loveliness of feature, noble, wealthy and surrounded by flattery," she devoured romantic tales, avid to learn of love and eagerly asking her mother "Like glory then, love has no value unless it is forever?" And woman, wholly woman she remained until the last day of her life, when "in love with God to the extent of being, so far as this world is concerned 'like one in a strange land'" she was able to answer the wistful question of her youth with the triumphant greeting of the Love she had sought, which was indeed forever: "My Bridegroom and my Savior! The longed for hour has come. It is time for our meeting, my Beloved, my Savior. It is time for me to set out. Let us go, it is time."

And in the years between, Teresa y Ahumada (plus God, as she loved to say) became Teresa of Jesus, Carmelite and saint.

There is neither space nor scope in this review to trace in detail Teresa's growth from a naturally delightful woman to an equally delightful saint, but the structure of her sanctity emerges crystal clear in the pages of this book. Perhaps the two great factors which, under God, transformed this witty, charming and beautiful woman into the witty, charming

and even more beautiful saint she was to become were her clear-eyed, sometimes ruthless knowledge of herself, and her *determination*, which was to become the keynote of her whole life.

Teresa entered religion reluctantly, with no great love for God but because it seemed to her "the best and safest way" to ensure her salvation. But once dedicated, from whatever motives, to a life with God, He Who was to become her Lover and the whole-hearted passion of her life, showered His graces upon her, and at last He reached her heart, and the seeds of this great love were sown. "His Majesty began to spoil me once more," she says, and indeed He showered upon her graces in prayer, visions, conversations with Our Lord Himself, which were later to cause her great suffering because of the terror she had that these might be manifestations of the devil. She was forced, under obedience, to write her experiences, thereby giving us some of the finest spiritual writing of all time, and to justify them to one confessor after another, and even to the dreaded Inquisition itself. But here again her robust common sense and self-awareness saved her. "At that time I could have been distracted by a sardine. . . ." "I saw my soul as a little donkey grazing." And over and above all, she knew clearly that "heaven is more easily to be won by obedience and forgetfulness of self than by the desire for supernatural graces; raptures and graces prove God's loving kindness: they are no guarantee of perfection."

But all her natural gifts were to be transformed by the supernatural virtues of obedience and humility which were to come to fruition in her and to enable her to give back to God, in complete generosity, all her own desires. The longing to be alone with God in a life of contemplation she was to exchange for an arduous life of action and suffering in founding her convents of the Carmel Reform, in face of what seemed impossible obstacles. Even, at last her longing to die and be with Him was to be sacrificed, so that, old and tired, she could pray no longer for death, but to be allowed to live and work and suffer for and with Him, as long as He willed it.

"Housewives," says Mme. Auclair, "might well take her for their patron and so might the women of action of our twentieth century, all those who build, work, create; all those who hold friendship dear; all those who continue to hope, feeling the odds against them."

It is to be hoped that this book may fall into the hands of many who know nothing of God, for in reading it one could hardly help coming to know and love Teresa and, in loving her, perhaps learn to know and love in some measure her Love, Who is forever.

JANET KNIGHT

Father "Jimmy"

FATHER TOMPKINS OF NOVA SCOTIA By George Boyle Kenedy, \$3.00

If Sister John the Baptist of Bethany, the St. Martha Mother-house in Antigonish,

Nova Scotia, hadn't given Father Tompkins a copy of *The Catholic Worker* back in the spring of 1933, I probably wouldn't be writing this review.

For Father "Jimmy" in his enthusiasm handed the paper to Father Walter Roberts, chaplain at the hospital down the hill, and the latter passed it on to me. I read of Houses of Hospitality and it was at one of these, in Boston, that I eventually met Ed Willock. By now, I gather, the readers of *Integrity* know who Ed is!

An altogether objective review of this book could not be expected from one who has come close to the fire and vision of the man it describes. Father "Jimmy's" all consuming desire was to pass on his zeal for co-operative social order wherein the Church's teachings would be living realities in the economic order and not just subjects of academic interest.

In his foreword, Robert Lester, Secretary of the Carnegie Corporation, quotes one of Father Tompkins' admirers: "When that little Father starts talking he turns on a queer light back of his eyes, and the first thing I know I find myself wanting to go out and do something about the evil in the world."

The growth of the co-operative movement, stemming from St. Francis Xavier University in Eastern Canada, has been an oft-told tale, matter for many books and articles. Names like Father Tompkins and Monsignor Moses Coady have become synonymous with the movement, but it would be a sorry mistake to identify it solely with one or two persons. The mysterious word "co-operative" by its very nature casts out the idea of individualism. Nevertheless through the story of Father Tompkins we gain a deeper insight into the persons participating in this remarkable adventure in adult education.

George Boyle, author of three other books on related subjects, is a Nova Scotian of long personal association with the co-operative movement and its leader. He has become, very appropriately, the historian and philosopher of the work. His style combines the craftsmanship of a good journalist with the rich imagery of a novelist, capturing with humor and understanding the down-east people and their landscape.

In the beginning we see "Jimmy" Tompkins, still a layman, opening his first class as a teacher at Bruli, a little Acadian parish. He fears his small stature will hinder him in keeping proper discipline. Suddenly a fierce south-east wind—the Suet—comes and the pupils disappear in something understatement might call haste. The frail young teacher is crushed, convinced of his own inadequacy. Next day he is reassured that the Suet is a thing to be reckoned with by the best of teachers. In years to come, he was to become a mighty wind of the spirit himself as priest, teacher, university vice-president, and world renowned adult educator.

At the moment of apparent success in welding the universities of Eastern Canada into an "Oxford" centered in Halifax, Father Tompkins meets opposition from his Bishop and is sent "into exile" in the small coastal towns of Canso and Dover.

Here he puts his heart and mind to work encouraging his dispirited and poverty-stricken people to co-operative ventures. The transformation he wrought in this obscure community made it a beacon for farmers and fishermen of other towns. Soon credit unions, study clubs and a variety of co-op activities were springing up and the world began to see a new vision of the wonders co-operation can work even with meager resources.

ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

Gnostic Prophet

THE REALM OF SPIRIT AND THE REALM OF CAESAR

By Nicolas Berdyaev

Trans. by Donald A. Lowrie

Harper, \$2.50

This is an interesting and thought-provoking book, but being weak in its premises not too much can be expected of its conclusions. The subtitle of the introduction which

characterizes it as "gnoseseological" is significant, for Berdyaev's thought is perhaps best described as gnostic, unhampered by objectivity (he complains constantly of "objectivization"). He sees in every Christian, at least potentially, something of the prophet constantly extending the deposit of revelation.

These tendencies are not uncommon among Russian-Orthodox thinkers. Of course, the day came in the life of St. Thomas Aquinas on which his intellect was so flooded with the gift of wisdom that all the laboriously constructed work of his reason appeared along side of what that light disclosed "as so much straw." But that was when he stopped writing. We cannot think that he was much surprised. He must have known that that day could come and rather suspected that it would, for the gift of wisdom did not first come to him on that day. That was rather the day of its flowering, disclosing things ineffable. Compared to what he understood on that day the things he could express in human terminology did not seem very important. Berdyaev, however, would have us exchange the structures reason erects, not for the mysterious reality disclosed by the light of the gift of wisdom, but for gnostic cogitations having no objective relationship to reality.

Berdyaev's thought is permeated with the spirit of Russian-Orthodox theology. To him the Church of Rome is legalistic, authoritarian, belonging to the realm of Caesar rather than the realm of Christ. He espouses the idea of *sobornost* as expounded by Khomiakov (Homiakoff) and, indeed, to extremes which are rejected by most Orthodox theologians. This, of course, simply follows from his rejection of the validity of any hierarchical structure in human society, a result of his idea of authority. His Russian mentality shows up also in his emotionalism exemplified by his attachment to the notion of tragedy, a word which appears so frequently in its various forms that one begins to imagine the point of his tongue peeking out of the corner of his mouth each time he wrote it.

The conflict between the realm of Caesar and the realm of Christ is, for Berdyaev, the conflict between authority and freedom. A stolid unimaginative page from any good scholastic manual would fan a breath of fresh air through the chapters in which he directly attacks this problem. The problem as he presents it is insoluble. Either authority or freedom must be abandoned. But the problem as he presents it is not a real problem. He understands neither freedom nor authority, so it is not surprising that he could find no point of contact between them. He finds in what he calls "the historic objectivizations of religion," both Orthodox and Catholic, the existence of "collectivism" which by his definition is the denial of personality and freedom, and rests on an authoritarian principle. This "collectivism" which the whole trend of Berdyaev's thought lines up in the religious order with Catholic Christianity "does not know the meaning of 'neighbor,' in the Gospel sense of the word." On the other hand

"community," which he opposes to "collectivism," "means the immediate relation of man to man through God." But, of course, he forgets that the Church is Christ and Christ is God, and that the only real deep and abiding community of men is that which is achieved precisely through Communion.

Berdyayev views "tolerance" from much the same distorted angle as many of our eager "liberal-minded" contemporaries. He sees it as the result of not quite knowing where the truth is (if there is any) rather than as an attitude toward error or evil prudently moderated by the realization of the greater evils a head-on opposition might produce. He tells us that "it was treason to Christianity when men tried to make truth compulsory" (p. 108). That would be true enough except that he is plainly referring to those who tried to forestall the propagation of error, despite the fact that he points out a page earlier that "the hatred and anger aroused by demagogic propaganda make men slaves, inwardly."

The life-work of this penetrating thinker is to a great extent wasted by his neglect of the great Western philosophical tradition. He is not nearly so original a thinker as those ignorant of Russian thought have supposed, but he has either not studied or not understood scholastic thought. Had he studied, for example, the wise, clear, and harmonious treatment of freedom and of authority (and of many other things as well) that came from the pen of St. Thomas, he might still have made mistakes in his thinking, but they would not have been at the primary level. On the other hand, he might have made valuable contributions to our understanding of the basic questions in which he took an interest.

AUGUSTINE ROCK, O.P.

These Hallowed Halls

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATORS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Joseph McGlade, S.S.C.
Newman, \$3.25

For those of us who, attending secular universities, have had the names of Dewey, Hook, Bode, Kirkpatrick cited as veritable oracles in the

field of educational philosophy, Father McGlade's book serves to pierce the aura of hallowedness surrounding them and to reveal the true nature of their "scientific" method.

This work attempts no positive explanation of Catholic educational philosophy, nor a complete presentation of the theories of the progressive educators. Its purpose is limited to pointing out the distortions and falsifications typical of these educational leaders when they discuss Catholic thought and belief. It comes as a shock to a reader who has heard Hook praised by professors for scholarship and objectivity to realize this same "scientific" inquirer is guilty of such a statement as: "In fact, the achievements of genuine knowledge about human nature in medicine, biology, psychology and history have been largely won by a bitter struggle against obstacles set in the path of the scientific inquiry by believers in a supernatural soul."

Or that Horace Kallen, another objective student of educational theory has claimed in reference to the low-salaried teaching sisters: "Their inexpensive services enable the parochial schools to offer the lowest-cut schooling which the nation knows, with corresponding values in the comparative result."

While we are not unaware, as the author reminds us, of what is good in the experimentalists' contributions to methodology, neither are we unaware that Dewey and his school are anti-supernatural, materialistic, pragmatic and that they decry what they call authoritarianism and belief in absolute truth. Still, granting basic differences between our philosophies, we have the right to expect from these leaders a respect for the scientific method which they themselves advocate. Invariably however when they approach the Catholic position on education they show a disregard for truth and just inquiry.

Father McGlade in a chapter devoted to each of the principal exponents of progressivism gives evidence abundant of these prejudices. He, for example, shows how in discrediting the authoritarianism of the Church's dogma, Bode would replace it with an authoritarianism of his own based on the dogmas of progressive education and democracy. Another philosopher, J. L. Childs, condemns Catholic schools as undemocratic without citing any evidence to prove the claim. He makes a series of suppositions about Catholic education which he never pauses to verify. Sidney Hook implies that to be "uncritical" enough to accept absolute truth is to stifle all scientific inquiry, yet he feels no obligation to give proof of such an assumption.

Most disturbing in the words of these men is their lack of real knowledge of Catholic teaching. They condemn what they do not understand, and worse, what they have not taken the trouble to investigate. Hook, for instance, misuses the term apologetics in reference to Church teaching, literally assuming it implies an apology. He further confuses the word supernatural with spiritual when he discusses our belief in a supernatural soul. Horace Kallen completely misrepresents or misunderstands the Church's teaching on original sin, and in another place calls the Papal States one of the outstanding totalitarian powers.

Examples of such bigotry and lack of fair inquiry are abundant. Father McGlade has done a great service in exposing the unscientific methods of these pseudo-scientists and in clearing away some of the road-blocks, as he calls them, to an honest understanding of Catholic educational philosophy.

We hope he will some day undertake what should be the supplement to this work—an evaluation of what is good in progressive education and a full explanation of Catholic educational philosophy and methodology.

DOROTHY LABARBERA

Was Shakespeare a Catholic?

SHAKESPEARE AND CATHOLICISM
By H. Mutschmann & K. Wentersdorf
Sheed & Ward, \$6.00

The reactions to the question "Was Shakespeare a Catholic?" are varied. Some will say impatiently that

the question is not important; others, just as impatiently, that important or not it is insoluble and should be dropped; some say that it is *obvious* he was a Catholic, while others claim as definitely that he was obviously not a Catholic. The authors of this book, two German scholars, feel that the question is important, and that after very careful study and investigation they have the one true solution: Shakespeare was a Catholic.

After carefully reading this valuable and rewarding work, I am convinced of the importance of trying to discover more and more about the life and religious convictions of that great genius known as William Shakespeare. But have the authors convinced me that Shakespeare remained all his life a Catholic? Not quite. I have gone with them as far as the realm of probability; I am ready to be convinced, but I feel that some of the proof is rather tenuous, and the question needs further and longer searching before I can be satisfied. Some of the arguments can be turned the other way about. To argue, for instance, that Shakespeare was a Catholic because he did *not say* this or that, or did *not do* this or that is often very dubious proof. I find this especially true in the matter of Will Shakespeare's father, who dropped out of public life. The authors here claim that it was because of his recusancy, but as that is not actually proven, one must keep in mind that there could have been some other reason.

It is in the careful searching for his opinions as expressed in his plays that Mutschmann and Wentersdorf do their greatest service to students of Shakespeare. One welcomes the comparison of different texts bearing upon specific points of Catholic doctrine and practice. Particularly good is the section devoted to the pictures of clergymen, Catholic and non-Catholic, as they appear in the Shakespeare canon. After reading this stimulating book, you are no longer able to think of Shakespeare as the genius who wrenched your heart with the pathos of *Hamlet* and delighted your soul with the magic of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but as a man, also, with ideas and convictions and a soul of his own—a soul to be saved. To discover his personal thoughts and convictions, you must listen carefully to his characters as they speak and try to detect the true voice of the speaking poet. It might be suggested that a profitable study could be made of the way that other Elizabethan dramatists, known Protestants, handled Catholic doctrines when they were using historical material.

It is to be hoped that this interesting work will spur scholars on toward a really vigorous attempt at a Shakespeare biography.

A. P. CAMPBELL

Modern Martyr

STONE IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY
The Life and Writings
of Bishop Francis X. Ford
By Bishop Raymond A. Lane
McMullen, \$3.00

Bishop Ford's prayer was: "Grant us, Lord to be the doorstep by which the multitudes may come to worship Thee. And if, in the saving of their souls, we

are ground underfoot and spat upon and worn out, at least we shall have served Thee in some way in helping pagan souls; we shall have become the King's Highway in pathless China." One cannot help feeling that his prayer was answered completely when in February 1952 he died a prisoner of the communists in China.

Bishop Lane gives a brief but adequate summary of the life of his fellow Maryknoll missionary, who joined Maryknoll in 1912 and was among the first band to go to the Far East in 1918. His entire priesthood was spent there, and he was consecrated Bishop of Hakka in 1935. In his writings Bishop Ford gives ample evidence of his deep love for China and the Chinese people. One would like to quote some of his descriptions

and comments at length; for instance his remarks on a typical Chinese house, which is built slowly and laboriously by the owner with an eye on future generations who will live in it and enjoy it, in contrast to houses in the United States which (according to Bishop Ford) are built only for the present generation and compare poorly in structure and appearance with Chinese homes. He describes the natural ascetism of the Chinese; their inventiveness ("an invention is a new use for an old thing, and the simplest farmer in China is inventing half his lifetime") and their traditional etiquette.

Bishop Ford well understood the difficulties of a missionary's life, the discouragement, the loneliness. He called hope the essential missionary virtue, and in his conferences to his priests and sisters (which as recorded in this book are extremely beautiful) he sought to strengthen and encourage them, to warn them that war and the advent of the communists must not be viewed too naturally, for they could be used for God's good purposes. He realized that direct evangelization ("to preach the Gospel to every creature") was the primary work of the missionary and that he should not burden himself down with institutions and projects which while good were not his direct concern; rather he should inspire Chinese Catholics to undertake those beneficial works in the temporal order. Bishop Ford reiterated that the primary concern of foreign missionaries must be the establishment of a native Church, not merely the gaining of converts. He was eager for a native clergy, a native sisterhood, since as he truly predicted, under a hostile regime foreign missionaries would be expelled and their labor would be fruitless unless there were Chinese priests to carry on.

Bishop Ford insisted that the sisters should be used for the work of direct evangelization of women; for in China few women had been received into the Church since the missionary priest had no direct access to them. The Maryknoll sister could visit the native women, interest them in the Church, and give them preparatory instruction. Thus she could be of direct assistance to the priest in his apostolate of winning souls.

To conclude with a significant passage from one of Bishop Ford's spiritual conferences: "In our active missionary work here in China we can all too easily become absorbed in preoccupations with petty trivialities, and thus subordinate God's view to urgent local problems. We should welcome the long-range view that the thought of death supplies. . . . Death is the one thing that we should glow over and exult in. It is the one guarantee that justifies our dedication to our religious vocation. It brings the day of our nuptials, of union with God for all eternity, the day of release from imperfect intercourse with God to a life of understanding and immediate assimilation."

DOROTHY DOHEN

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BOOK NOTES

Johannes Ockeghem by Ernst Krenek is the first in a series of Great Religious Composers published by Sheed and Ward (\$2.00). This book is not so much a biography (facts on the composer's life are obscure) as an analysis of his music and fifteenth century music in general. Written for the layman it gives a very lucid explanation of the elements in medieval music which make it sound so "ancient" to the modern ear. I enjoyed the author's careful explanations of the chant and his very helpful definitions of musical terms, but found it rather difficult to get enthused about Ockeghem's genius without ever hearing or knowing any of his works. This series on religious composers is especially welcome at this time, because of the need for the rejuvenation of the chant, due to the lack of interest by clergy, laity and musicians in liturgical music.—C. J. G.

Sigrid Undset by A. H. Winsnes, (Sheed and Ward, \$3.00) has as its subtitle "A Study in Christian Realism" and the author has emphasized the great Norwegian writer's place in the contemporary Christian Renaissance movement. Sigrid Undset while never sacrificing realism or interest has consistently expounded a vital Christian philosophy in all her works. Winsnes traces the development of her philosophy by outlining most of her lectures, essays and novels. His interpretation of her great medieval novels—especially *Kristin Lavransdatter*—I found somewhat disconcerting. This book is essentially a study of the work not the woman and as such did not hold the attention of one of the "non-literati."—C. J. G.

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